INDIAN WOMAN HAS REVEALING DREAM

(From Edmonton Journal, Aug. ---- 1945.)

Grande Prairie -

Stranger than fiction is the true story of the finding of the bodies of two trappers and guides, Archie Belcourt and Josie LeTan, of Rio Grande, who were drowned in the headwaters of the Waniti River on June 11th. Attempting to ford the Waniti when spring flood waters were high while guiding a survey party the two men were swept from their horses and carried away by the current. Although a search was made at once, and other search parties organized later, no trace of the bodies could be found.

An Indian woman on the Horse Lake Reserve fifty miles from Rio Grande, and a hundred more from the scene of the drowning, had a dream about a month later. She dreamed that her husband who had been drowned in just such an accident on the same river some years earlier, came to her and led her to the exact spot on the Waniti where the bodies could be found. The story of this vivid dream came to the ears of the wife of Josie LeTan and she asked the woman to help in the new search.

The woman consented, although she had never been to the Waniti. She insisted, however, that a certain guide, known to her husband, must row the boat for so it had been in her dream. They would find the bodies about two days travel down river from the scene of the drowning, she told them. The body of Belcourt would be found first, close to shore, and out of the water. The body of LeTan would be on the opposite shore some distance down and held in the water by driftwood.

Arrived at the scene of the drowning the party started

downstream. They made camp the first night as directed by the Indian woman. Near the end of the second day, the woman suddenly exclaimed, "This is the place I saw in my dream. You will find the body of Archie Belcourt there."

They landed and found a skeleton on the flat shore. The wolves had been there first. The body was identified by a large metal belt buckle which Belcourt always wore. Some distance downstream on the opposite shore they found the body of LeTan, held in the water by two logs.

The remains were removed to Rio Gramde where funeral services were held in the Rio Grande Roman Catholic church on August 9th, Reverend Fayher Murphy officiated. Internment was in Rio Grande Cemetary. Rio Grande is forty miles west of Grande Prairie.

Editor's note: In the course of my travels I have come across numerous equally astonishing instances of native clairvoyance revealed through the medium of dreams. There is also the historic King murder case, where the brother of the murdered man, following a dream, left England for Edmonton and identified the killer, though he had never see him.)

INDIAN WOMAN HAS REVEALING DREAM

Edmonton Journal, August , 1945.

Grande Prairie:

"Stranger than fiction is the true story of the finding of the bodies of two trappers and guides, Archie Belcourt and Josie LeTan, of Rio Grande, who were drowned in the headwaters of the Wapiti River on June 11th. Attempting to ford the Wapiti when spring flood waters were high while guiding a survey party the two men were swept from their horses and carried away by the current. Although a search was made at once, and other search parties organized later, no trace of the bodies could be found.

An Indian woman on the Horse Lake Reserve fifty miles from Rio Grande, and a hundred more from the scene of the drowning, had a dream about a month later. She dreamed that her husband who had been drowned in just such an accident on the same river some years earlier, came to her and led her to the exact spot on the Wapiti where the bodies could be found. The story of this vivid dream came to the ears of the wife of Josie LeTan and she asked the woman to help in the new search.

The woman consented, although she had never been to the Wapiti. She insisted, however, that a certain guide, known to her husband, must row the boat for so it had been in her dream. They would find the bodies about two days travel down river from the scene of the drowning, she told them. The body of Bellcourt would be found first, close to shore, and out of the water. The body of LeTan would be on the opposite shore some distance down and held in the water by driftwood.

Arrived at the scene of the drowning the party started downstream. They made camp the first night as directed by the Indian woman. Near the end of the second day the woman suddenly exclaimed: "This is the place I saw in my dream. You will find the body of Archie Belcourt there."

They landed and found a skeleton on the flat shore. The wolves had been there first. The body was identified by a large metal belt buckle which Belcourt always wore. Some distance downstream on the opposite shore they found the body of LeTan, held in the water by two logs.

The remains were removed to Rio Grande where funeral services were held in the Rio Grande Roman Catholic church on August 9th, Reverend Father Murphy officiated. Internment was in Rio Grande Cemetary. Rio Grande is forty miles west of Grande Prairie."

Editor's note:

In the course of my travels throughout the Northland I have come across numerous equally astonishing instances of native clairvoyance revealed through the medium of dreams. There is also the historic King murder case where the brother of the murdered man, following a dream, left England for Edmonton and identified the killer immediately, though he had never seen him before.

CHRISTMAS TREE KING

How many business pioneers have built up a thriving concern, only to find themselves driven to the wall by others? That is what Indians on the Sarcee Reserve are finding in recent years as a trade, which they introduced into Calgary many years ago, gradually dwindles out of their control.

There are still many old-timers who remember the Sarcee brave, Foxtail, who died a few years ago at the ripe old age of ninety-one. Foxtail always had an urge for business, and seized upon the Christmas festivities of the Bow and Elbow to augment his income with a winter harvest hitherto unknown to other members of his tribe. For it was Foxtail who first capitalized the Christmas celebrations in Calgary by bringing in a sleigh-load of suitable evergreen spruce trees from the reserve. These he quickly disposed of in the little settlement - at prices compared with the present rates.

From that day until his death, Foxtail was "Christmas Tree King" of the reserve. The annual harvest developed with the city until it was the principal source providing the Sarcee band with ready cash for their tribal festivities on the twenty-sixth, which is the day when the communal celebrations are held on the reserve.

But the Indian no longer controls the sales. Even at the low value at which he rates his labour he cannot compete with his white brother who trucks evergreens into the city and sells them at a profit.

A few Sarcees still bring in their loads of trees,

mostly catering to a trade among the pioneers who, for sentimental reasons, still prefer to patronize Calgary's first Christmas tree merchants. But, generally, Chief Joe Big Plume's sentiments express the situation. "Business no good," he said. "Not worth while bringing trees in. Too many trees now. White man, he got it all!"

But, if the Indian has lost the trade, many local farmers and residents glean a little added revenue from the trade which the Indians have developed.

Revised

FOR WAR STRATEGY.

~~COLIN ROBERTSON - PRISONER OF NORTHWEST COMPANY~~
A Story of old FORT CHIPEWYAN.

By

J. H. Mosgrove.

16
28

The strife of over a quarter of a century between Hudson's Bay men and Nor'Westers for monopoly of the Athabasca fur trade had been the battle of giants. Out in these vast domains servants of the respective companies were exhausted from the terrible struggle.

When news of the massacre of Seven Oaks and the killing of Governor Semple reached London, the British Government awakened to the seriousness of affairs in the great north hinterland. When further tidings reached Montreal that Fort Douglas had fallen into the hands of the Nor'Westers, and Fort William to Lord Selkirk, Governor-General Sherbrooke issued a proclamation in May, 1817, commanding the two companies to desist from further disorders amd restore each other's property.

However royal edicts had little or no authority in a realm ~~where there was law of neither~~ which knew neither law of God nor man. Not a voyageur, not a Canadian trader flinched in his loyalty to the Nor'west Company. Not an official, not a servant but what remained true to the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was a fight to the bitter end.

Among the stormy antagonists ~~of the~~ in this long struggle was Colin Robertson of the Hudson's Bay Company whose bullying commands and brawls echoed from ~~the~~ Labrador to New Caledonia. He was ice-bound at Moose FACTORY on James' Bay when news of the Nor' Westers success on Red River, and Selkirk's victory on Lake Superior, reached him. To Robertson peace could only be attained

by sending a second expedition to wrest Fort Chinewyan and the trade of Athabasca from the Nor'Westers, whence came the vast wealth of furs that enabled that company to bribe the courts of Montreal. Accordingly he set out from James' Bay in mid-winter on a 1,700 mile snowshoe trek to the metropolis.

By April, 1819, he was on his way back to Athabasca with a flotilla of nineteen canoes manned by hard-bitten voyageurs to put his plans into effect. October saw Robertson at Fort Chinewyan on Lake Athabasca with a hundred and thirty seasoned veterans of the struggle. Here the power of the dynamic Nor'Westers was supreme. Not an Indian dared approach. All had been driven back from the river by McGillvray. In all that vast land not a soul was to be seen. Passing down the river Robertson's voyageurs sang songs of courage, his men firing guns to let the Indians know where they were. Finally an Indian was seen hiding behind the bush watching the flotilla pass, and was bribed to fetch his tribesmen. The truth was told to wide-eyed Chinewyans about the Hudson's Bay Company's success at Fort William. Peace pipes were smoked and a treaty made. Ere trouble could brew Robertson marshalled his forces to the old Hudson's Bay post at Fort Chinewyan and within a few days more than forty Indians had deserted the Nor'Westers.

The consternation of the Nor'Westers at Robertson's audacity knew no bounds. Full of resentment, they challenged him to fight. Every evening, shortly before sundown groups of angry men appeared before the Hudson's Bay post defying them to a pitched battle.

One morning in late October, as Robertson breakfasted, a voyageur entered with the word that a Nor'West bully was swaggering before the gates, daring any of his servants to come out and fight.

Angered by these persistent challenges Robertson slipped a pistol in his pocket and strode through the gate to meet his antagonists. As he approached the bully he was suddenly overpowered by ten Nor'Westers led by Simon McGillvray who made a rush upon him from concealment. Dragging him to the beach they threw him into one of the canoes. Robertson tried to upset the craft and escape by swimming, but one of his captors jammed a pistol against his head and held it there until they arrived at the Nor' West post.

The ruinous law suits against the Canadian company restrained them from doing away with Robertson but he was clapped into a small room, under guard day and night, and was compelled to state his wants in writing. One of his written requests was that a Nor'Wester go across to the Hudson's Bay fort under a flag of truce for a keg of liquor. The Nor'Westers were delighted at the chance to spy upon the post, as well as the prospect of having their captive befuddled with drink.

Taking a long strip of paper Robertson invented a cipher code in numbers from one to six hundred, placing trade phrases against each number. This he rolled into a spool, sealing each end with wax, knocked the bung out of the whiskey barrel, bored a tiny hole inside the bung with his knife, ~~bored~~ hooked a piece of twine through one end to the sealed message, the other to the inner end of the plug, thrust the paper inside the liquor and plugged up the hole. Then dusting ~~all~~ the bung over with mud from the floor of ~~his cell~~ cell he complained that the whiskey was musty, requesting it be sent back with orders for his men to wash out the barrel and re-fill it. Unsuspecting, the Nor'Westers returned it, but to Robertson's disgust the men at his fort, instead of cleansing the barrel and

finding his note, sent back a fresh one. At last however

After several months passing messages in code a Nor' Wester caught Robertson in the act of sealing up the bung in the whiskey keg. The angry traders then decided he was too dangerous a man to keep prisoner and planned to ship him out of the Athabasca country by the June fur brigade to Montreal. At Cumberland House, where the brigade camped overnight, Robertson asked permission to bid farewell to his old friends at the Hudson's Bay post. No sooner was he inside the gates than the bolts were shot and every man within prepared to fire upon any Nor'Westers who might approach. Julius it was his

~~It was~~ a dishonourable ~~course~~ to breake parole, and Robertson ~~was for~~ returning to proposed but the Hudson's Bay men would have none of it, and at ten the following morning ~~the Nor'Westers pulled off without him.~~ he saw the brigade depart disappear with flashing paddles round a wooded point.

Contributed by Jean W. Godsell.

THE MEN OF THE HUDSON'S BAY

(Authorized version by R. H. Hall, District Officer Saskatchewan District - afterwards Fur Trade Commissioner for all Canada.)

Tinkling bells are heard from afar
Guided south by a Christmas star
Tell us who these wanderers are
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

The gliding dog sleds loom in sight
From weary waste of Arctic night
With greetings from these men of might
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Scattered far o'er that far North land
Toil and labour that stalwart band
Wielding the pen or the strong right hand
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Fearless and true to the very last
Careless of danger or icy blast
Or roaring rapid running fast
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

Though far from home 'mong solitudes drear
Far from all that is near and dear
Full of charity, knowing not fear
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

Sad sometimes when far away
From boyhood's home and childhood's play
Saddest, perhaps, on Christmas day
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

When happy at home amongst Yuletide cheer
Loved ones gather from far and near
Think of the absent one so dear
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Think of them kindly, well t'is worth
Of those who to danger and toil go forth
Send kindest wishes from furthest North
To the men of the Hudson's Bay.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Revised version by:
H. L. Belanger, Alex Seymour, P. F. Carre, Captain F. B. Haight, (formerly of Athabasca River Transport), and F. Seguin, formerly of Ft.St.John, B.C., and Fort Resolution, N.W.T.)

Tinkling bells are heard from afar
Guided south by a Christmas JAR
Tell who these roisterers are
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

The howling huskies heave in sight
From weary wastes of Arctic night
With greetings from these men of might
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Scattered far o'er that wild North land
Whoop and holler that merry band
With a bottle of BURKE'S in either hand
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Robbers and thieves to the very last
With the SKULL & CROSSBONES nailed to the mast
And the wrath of God a'comin' fast
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Though far from home 'mid solitudes drear
There's always One that is near and dear
(And sometimes several) the hearts to cheer
Of the men of the Hudson's Bay.

FULL sometimes, though far away,
From boyhood's home and childhood's play
FULLEST, perhaps, on Christmas day
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Think of them kindly, with all their faults
Send them a CASE from the Depot vaults
And a dozen bottles of Eno's Salts
To the men of the Hudson's Bay.

Editor's note: In December, 1905, Chief Factor R. H. Hall, District Officer for the Saskatchewan District, and afterwards Fur Trade Commissioner for all of Canada, sent to each post in his district with Christmas greetings a copy of the authorized version, as above.

By the same dog-team there arrived at Cumberland House post three cases of Burke's Irish whiskey. After dinner on Christmas day the "divine afflatus" was in full swing. The staff, Horace Belanger, P. F. Carre and Alex Seymour, ably assisted by Captain F.B.Haight and Frank Seguin, who were visiting factors, decided that if a District Officer could write poetry there would be no harm in following his example. The result of the collaboration was the "Revised Version" as given above.)

THE MEN OF THE HUDSON'S BAY

Authorized version by R. H. Hall, District Officer, Saskatchewan District - afterwards Fur Trade Commissioner for all Canada.

Contributed by Jean W. Godsell.

Tinkling bells are heard from afar
Guided south by a Christmas star.
Tell us who these wanderers are,
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

The gliding dog sleds loom in sight
From weary waste of Arctic night
With greetings from these men of might
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Scattered far o(er that far North land
Toil and labour that stalwart band
Wielding the pen or the strong right hand
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Fearless and true to the very last,
Careless of danger or icy blast,
Or roaring rapid running fast
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Though far from home 'mong solitudes drear,
Far from all that is near and dear,
Full of charity, knowing not fear
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Sad sometimes when far away

From boyhood's home and childhood's play,
Saddest, perhaps, on Christmas day
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

When happy at home amongst Yuletide cheer
Loved ones gather from far and near
Think of the absent one so dear
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Think of them kindly, well t'is worth,
Of those who to danger and toil fo gorth.
Send kindest wishes from furthest north
To the men the Hudson's Bay.

Revised version by:-
H. L. Belanger; Alex Seymour; P. E. Carre; Captain F.B.Haight (formerly of Athabasca River Transport); and F. Seguin, formerly of Fort St. Mohn, B.C., and Fort Resolution, N.W.T.

Tinkling bells are heard from afar
Guided south by a Christmas JAR.
Tell us who those roisterers are -
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

The howling huskies heave in sight
From weary wastes of Arctic night
With greetings from these men of might
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Scattered far o'er that wild North land
Whoop and holler that merry band,
With a bottle of BURKE'S in either hand,
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Robbers and thieves to the very last,
With the SKULL & CROSSBONES nailed to the mast,
And the wrath of God a'comin' fast -
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Though far from home 'mid solitudes drear
There's always ONE that is near and dear
(And sometimes several) the hearts to cheer
Of the men of the Hudson's Bay.

FULL sometimes, though far away,
From boyhood's home and childhood's play;
FULLEST, perhaps, on Christmas day
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Think of them kindly, with all their faults,
Send them a CAST from the Depot vaults
And a dozen bottles of Eno's Salts
To the men of the Hudson's Bay.

Editor's note:

In December, 1905, Chief Factor R. H. Hall, District Officer for the Saskatchewan District, and afterwards Fur Trade Commissioner for all of Canada, sent to each post in his district, with Christmas greetings, a copy of the authorized version, as above.

By the same dog-team there arrived at Cumberland House post three cases of Burke's Irish whiskey. After dinner on Christmas day the 'divine afflatus' was in full swing. The staff: Horace Belanger, F. E. Carre and Alex Seymour - ably assisted by Captain F. B. Haight and Frank Seguin, who were visiting factors - decided that if a District Officer could write poetry there would be no harm in following his example. The result of the collaboration was the "revised version" as given above. P.H.G.

From Edmonton Bulletin Reference File (3rd copy)
(Years 1880 to 1900).....

Edmonton Bulletin. Oct. 20/81. Advertisement.

Edmonton Hotel

The Pioneer House of Entertainment west of Portage la Prairie.

Permican and dried buffalo has long been a stranger at the table and its place has been taken by substantials more in keeping with the onward march of civilization.

A cosy billiard room where the Edmonton coal can be seen burning to advantage.

Good stabling attached.

Donald Ross, Proprietor.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Edmonton Bulletin
Dec. 31/81. Advertisement.

"A pig of the Shanghai pattern (female gender) came to my premises two weeks ago. The owner had better pay expenses and take it away, otherwise the pig will mysteriously disappear."

Donald Ross.

Social: First Masonic Ball.

Highland Scottishe, quadrille, cottillion, reel, waltz, galop. "Not the least remarkable feature was the number of ladies, 16, the largest number ever gotten together at any affair of the kind in Edmonton within the memory of man. Alhtough only one gentleman appeared in claw-hammer coat there was more lace, frillings, kid gloves, black cloth, starched linen and store clothes generally than could have been collected in any previous year in the whole Saskatchewan country."

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Edmonton Bulletin, Feb. 25/82.

$8 worth of coarse gold found in the stomach of a cow killed at Pincher Creek last summer. Lots of prospecting took place but no finds. There are two theories with regard to the find: one is that the cow licked up the gold while licking at alkali spot of ground. The other is that years ago miners came across the grounds, murdered by Indians in the neighbourhood, and the cow had picked up the leather wallet of one of them containing the gold.

Lacombe. Sept 1. 45

Dear Mr Godsell

Thanks for yours of the 28 - it was full of interest. You could tell me a lot about these 'new northerners' for sure. I have met few of them. Sorry I missed your radio talk but will look out for one next Friday. That was a good story of Tom Jewdet - typical - I can just imagine Clay trying to steal his boys. I saw Tom this time 2 yrs ago & he was little changed.

I just see in the press Gagnon has been moved to Ottawa to take the place of Kemp who is for prison. I hear Kemp is going to UNRRA.

Trundle is living in complete isolation on a little place in Vancouver Island - still the stately bachelor, he had been just way around the world on a motor bike last time I saw him in 1935 or 36 & had nothing of interest to relate.

I'm going into the mts with the wife & then hunt all fall & then into the foothills for meat on the hoof - then I'll come up to Edmonton to see the Red, I mean the Bright lights - but they don't mean much to me now, its old friends that count. All the best.

Sincerely
"Denny" LaMarge

The Editor
Alta Folk Lore Research

Another really true one. 1 Feb 11.

Jesse Nagle for trader from Good Hope & Arctic Red River before World War No 1 was one of those characters who seldom came "outside". He was a great fur getter, a good host & was always immaculate in his dress under all circumstances. He had a very keen French Canadian sense of humour, he could speak French tho I don't think he was a Francais - tho he came from Quebec.

After a spell of 7 years in the North he thought he would go outside & visit his relations in Quebec but like many other Northerners with the same idea, he never got any further than Edmonton.

Once he got as far as the C P R depot but he had been celebrating his departure so happily that he raised somewhat of a disturbance that & tried to board a train on the move at which he failed.

He was 'put in' overnight to recover & the next day appeared before the Edmonton Magistrate who always had taken a kindly view of the relucatins of Northerners.

"And what have you to say Mr Nagle" said the Magistrate

"Well your honor all I can remember is that I went to catch a train to take me to visit Quebec once more & I ran after it."

Yes you apparently did not catch your train.

"No, your worship", said Jesse, "but I made it puff some."

Served its Christmas time, 9th and tenth of 1
Railroad Christmas Story (9)
A Bachelors Xmas Dream
C P R

One Christmas Eve a ~~Canadian Pacific~~ officer, a ~~Western Line~~ bachelor, sat in his lonely ~~bachelor~~ quarters ~~thinking of the festive season~~. He was in a retrospective mood, and there passed through his mind visions of the Christmases of the long ago, when there was always a joyous throng around the gift-laden ~~Christmas~~ tree. He ~~remembered~~ recalled ~~the petitionary~~ letters addressed in cramped little hands to Santa Claus -- his and his sisters' and brothers', ~~and also the letters of thankful acknowledgment~~. He thought lovingly of the dear faces of those far-off days and ~~he~~ felt very dreary. And when he remembered that only recently some of his ~~unmarried~~ pals, ~~A. Stevens, Frank Lee and others,~~ had forsaken the ranks of the bachelors down, he was simply overpowered by a sensation of loneliness ~~and could stand it~~ no longer. ~~So~~, throwing on his greatcoat and hat, he went out into the cold and cheerless night. He wandered down ~~Main Street towards Portage Avenue, and upon reaching~~ the Strand ~~Jerry Robinson's~~ a clothing store he ~~went in and~~ bought a pair of lady's silk stockings, took them back to his room, hung them in front of the fireplace, and attached to them the following note: -- "Dear Santa Claus -- Please try and fill these for me before next Christmas."

(Fillers)

A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

One Christmas eve a C. P. R. bachelor sat in his lonely quarters.in a small prairie town. He was in a retrospective mood, and there passed through his mind visions of Christmases of the lon ago when there was always a joyous throng gathered around the gift-laden tree. He recalled letters addressed in cramped little hands to Santa Claus, thought lovingly of dear faces of those far-off days, and felt very dreary. Thinking, too, of his friends who had recently forsaken the ranks of bachelordom, he was over-powered by a sensation of unutterable lonliness. Throwing on his great coat and cap he went out into what seemed to him a cold and cheerless night. Wandering down the street, and entering a clothing store, he bought a pair of ladies silk stockings, took them back to his room, hung them in front of the fireplace and pinned to them the following note:-

"Dear Santa Claus - please try and fill these for me before next Christmas."

By

"Denny" LaNauze.

Jim Nagle, fur trader at Fort Good Hope was one of those characters wedded to the North who rarely came "Outside". He was a great fur getter, a good host, and was always immaculate. After a spell of seven years in the Silent Places he thought he would go to Quebec to visit his relations, but like many other Northerners with similar ideas he never got beyond Edmonton. Once he got as far as the C.P.R. depot, but he'd been celebrating his departure so happily that he raised somewhat of a disturbance, tried to board a train on

the move, failed, and was thrown into the hoosegow for the night. Next day he appeared before an Edmonton Magistrate, who'd always taken a kindly view of the peculiar relaxations of Northerners.

"And what have you to say, Mr. Nagle?" demanded the Magistrate.

"Well, your Honour," Jim replied, "all I can remember is that I went to catch a train to take me to visit Quebec once more - and ran after it."

"Then," remarked the Magistrate, "you evidently didn't catch your train?"

"No, your Worship," replied Jim, "but I sure made it puff some!"

Fullers

Sayings & Tales from the Eye Opener - by Bob Edwards.

Edmonton has now another claim to distinction and will no doubt trot it out when boasting of her stock-raising facilities. A lady named Mrs. Jabez M. Pease, wife of a settler who came in last fall, gave birth last week to quadruplets, or four at one clatter, as it were. This is the first time in Alberta's history that this sort of thing has happened. The auspicious event was somewhat marred by the unseemly fracas between the father of the quadruplets and the doctor, the trouble being due to a flippant remark made by the latter to the effect that the operation reminded him of shelling peas. The doctor, however, apologized later on for his ill-timed jest.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

That was a sensible present the business friends of Frank Helm of the Union Bank gave the popular gentleman in honour of his recent wedding - a parlour suite and several useful accessories. How much better this was than the customary pickle- jarand silver-plated fish knife and fork. Apropos of tributes to a man's worth, did you ever hear the yarn about the Irishman who died and had a lot of floral offerings on his coffin? The deceased had begun his career at street work, digging sewers and cellars, but he afterwards became a rich contractor. The widow had put on a lot of society airs, and she walked into the room in which the coffin lay with a very haughty mien. The apartment was full of flowers and mourners. A prominent floral piece was an anchor. The widow gazed upon it. The idea that some of her cast-off friends were trying to disconcert her by calling up memories of former days came into her mind. Turning to the assembled company she demanded:

"Who the divil sint that pick?"

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Two old ladies in East Calgary were discussing husbands. Said the first: "I have been married three times. Each of my husbands is dead though. They were all cremated."

Her friend was a dear old maiden lady. She had listened attentively to her friend and when she had concluded the sad story of her life she said: "How wonderful are the ways of Providence. Here I've lived all these years and have never been able to get a husband and you've had husbands to burn."

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

"I'm sorry, Mr. Portly," apologized the hostess to her unexpected but influential guest at dinner, "but I have no cheese in the house."

"Pray do not mention it, Mrs. Phipps," smiled the old boy genially, "I am sure....."

His little compliment was interrupted by the appearance of the small son of his hostess at his side, bearing a piece of cheese upon a plate.

"Well now, that is very kind of you, little man," he said as the child stood there, delightedly watching the old gentleman swallow the tid-bit. "You knew more than mother this time. Where did you find the cheese?"

The youngster intently watched the last morsel disappear before he answered.

"I found it in the mouse trap!"

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Here is a very curious incident. During the war, when

government agents were here buying remounts for the army, a man from Okotoks brought in a horse for which the buyer agreed to give $175 less 7½ percent. Not being well up in arithmatic the Okotoks man was a bit dubious what the $175 would be cut down to with the 7½ percent reduction. So he decided to ask a young lady bookkeeper whom he happened to know slightly.

Calling at her office the following day he approached the lady with a very ingratiating smile and said: "Good morning, Miss -----. Delightful weather, ain't it? Now, tell me. If I were to give you $175 less 7½ percent, how much would you take off?"

Figuring it out the young lady promptly went and told her employer that she had been insulted.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

"I'll never forget the night you proposed," said the wife. "You acted like a fish out of water."

"Yes, I was a sucker."

Then the gong sounded for the first round.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

A pleasant banquet was tendered by the Calgary Board of Trade last week to Mr. Peter McGonigle of Midnapore on the occasion of his release from Edmonton Penitentiary where he had spent some time trying to live down a conviction of horse stealing. Quite a number of prominent citizens were present and the songs, toasts and speeches passed off with all the eclat possible on such short notice. Letters of regret were read from Lord Strathcona, Earl Grey, Premier Rutherford, Joseph Seagram, W. F. MacLane, ~~Rev. John McDougall~~ and others. Lord Strathcona's letter was typical of the general sentiment, saying: "I regret exceedingly I shall be unable to attend the McGonigle banquet, but my sympathies go out to your honoured

Correct this

guest. The name of Peter McGonigle will ever stand high in the roll of eminent confiscators. Once long ago I, myself, came near achieving distinction in this direction when I performed some dexterous financing with the Bank of Montreal's funds. In consequence, however, of C.P.R. stocks going up instead of down I wound up in the House of Lords instead of Stony Mountain."